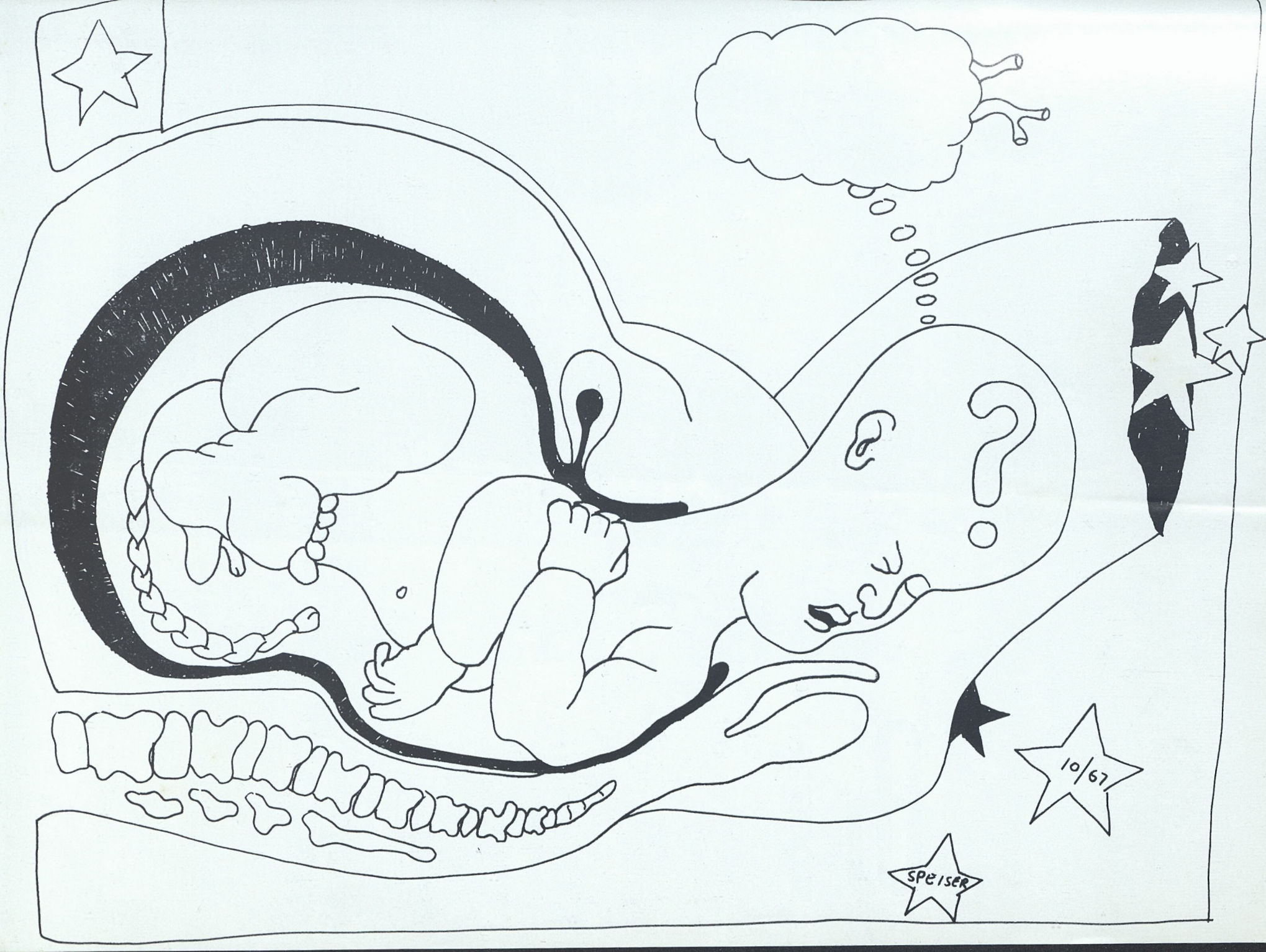

10/67
SPEISER

BLOCKPRINT

Editor
Ronn Spencer

Managing Editor
Louise Sellner

Assistant Editor
Tim Duffy

Features
Charles Leonard, Alex Silberstein, Ken Hartley, and Roy Furman

Photography Editor
Chris Maynard

Business Manager
Neal Dahill

Advertising Manager
Kathy Lastomirsky

Circulation
Francis Trotta

Staff
Karl Windhorst, Bob Krywy, Paxson Kimbrough, John Roberts, John Schultz, Joan Kraisky, Jeanne Roszczewski, and Julie Taylor

Cover by Ken Speiser

Associated with the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS)

Subscription rates $10.00 per year ($.35) per copy — 30 Issues). Printed by Printers' Service & Supply, Inc., 231 Douglas Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island. Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I. Published weekly on Mondays, except holidays and examination periods while the College is in session, by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence, R. I. 02903.

Letters To The Editor

Blockprint people,

Nice mag. Thanks for sending the exchange copies.

The address for Rolling Stone (the rock thing) is: Rolling Stone, c/o Straight Arrow Publishers, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

I've just seen the second issue of Rolling Stone, and it's a must for rock freaks. Great things.

Keep up the good work on Blockprint. Take care.

Love and peace,

John Kois, Editor
Kaleidoscope
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Blockprint:

Yesterday I had read your farewell to Charlie Leonard. I was so moved by the article that I felt that I must set down into writing a few things that might be helpful to him, or, as a matter of fact, anyone else who may be so unfortunate as to be going the same route. These maxims are the result of a short briefing by a friend before, and twenty-one months of active duty in the army. Yes. I have gone that route. I know what it is like and it will take an Act of Congress and a wild herd of elephants to get me back in, and even then I'll only go kicking and screaming. I love my freedom too much.

The army seems to most people what you see in the movies. Heroic, rankless soldiers taking machinegun nests singlehanded; storming pill-boxes; charging up a hill at full speed and taking it within fifteen or twenty minutes; having a rousing time in rest camp drinking gallons of liquor and brawling with other units for no apparent reason; and the hero always getting the girl or dying heroically.

None of this is really true, or at best, typical. Life in the army is just a humdrum life with the same routine day after day after day after day after day after day. . . . There are no machinegun nests to be taken singlehandedly; no pill-boxes to storm, they are a thing of the past; you can't even run up those hills with a full pack on in fifteen minutes, let alone under fire or weaving around the way they are shown. As a matter of fact, you'd be winded halfway up the hill and would be breathing so hard that you wouldn't be able to sight your weapon properly; anyone who gets drunk and out of hand automatically gets disciplinary action taken against him; the last thing the soldier gets is the girl, no "self-respecting" girl would be going out with one, and the only ones who die are those that make mistakes.

Now that I've managed to shatter your illusions of the army there is hope. If anyone else gets caught in the same web, God forbid. There are things that can be done to ease your burden besides getting out, no matter how scrupulously. The FIRST and most important and should always be remembered is to leave the Company area whenever possible to do so for several reasons. One, because someone may want a "body" for a detail, or a job that has to be done, and they look in the barracks to find anyone who is lazing around doing nothing or sleeping — they're the favored victims and seldom do they have to look so far. These details wind up eating away what little free time you happen to have. This tactic I found particularly helpful, because not only did it get me out of some unnecessary details, but I was able to get the thought of the company out of my mind — "out of sight, out of mind." I was then able to relax, which kept me from cracking-up while I was stationed in Korea. During these times I found myself going to four major places: the movies, the Service Clubs, the library, and school. People on active duty are eligible to take USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute) correspondence courses which are free except for an initial five dollar fee. These you can start from the very beginning and can be continued after separation. When you get to a permanent unit there are group study courses — the USAFI ones are free and there are other extension courses that are run under the auspices of various colleges. The government pays seventy-five percent of the tuition for them cutting it down to a reasonable price. Both could be taken for credit or general interest.

An interesting thing to note about the army is that the man who is most likely to stay in is the man who is most likely not to even make a living on the outside — the Group IV, or "New Standards Man." (Fortunately, Charlie, you're not one of them.) This is the man that you have to look out for. He is the person who has been kicked around all his life and when he gets a little power he uses it only because he has it. This brings me to my SECOND point. Rank in the army doesn't really mean anything. It is rarely given purely on merit and often is given to those who, we say "brown nose" the most. The general rule on rank is you get it by being in the right place at the right time. The only thing you have to worry about is that those with more stripes (more rank) than you can tell you what to do — up to a point. Now, let's get

back to our New Standards Man, or, particularly, the one who has been in for almost twenty years (the retirement time). The only reason he has made the rank he has is because he had been in so long; by default, you could say. He is the one that is the most likely to resent you if you seem smarter than he is. To keep him at bay is my THIRD point. Don't fight the system. It has been there for many years and will likely remain for a long, long time. The only thing that you can do with it is to use it for your own purpose. And last, but not least is my FOURTH point. Never Volunteer! When you volunteer you are playing right into the sergeants' hands. They say they want you for something and have you doing something much worse. Not only that, if you don't volunteer they won't know you're around.

I only hope that these few things that I picked up the hard way (mostly) will help some other unfortunate soul survive a little better than I did. By no means does this cover everything, but the four points, I believe, are the most basic to be considered. Anything else will probably come from them and as you understand how the system works. Little by little you will learn the possibilities given to you. And so, with these "few" words I say "goodby," Dear Charlie, I bid you a sad farewell and the consoling thought: "I know how you feel. I know what it is like. I've been there before."

Gilbert M. Glaubinger
Ex-US 51556064
PFC E-O

(We are happy to inform you that Charlie has regained his 2-S and is still among our ranks. — Editor)

Dear Blockprint:

At one time or another we all have made the same mistake — rushed home at vacation's beginning to escape the tension of last minute projects and to catch up on sleep. No such luck — your baby brother splits the air with his screams at seven AM and you are under fire from relatives and friends because suddenly you're "different" and you don't "fit in" anymore. You start to yearn for school to start again and when it does you flee back like a lemming heading for the sea.

Solution: Stay in School. Yeah, sounds familiar, right? Believe it. Yes, there is "nobody" around. No, you don't die of boredom. It's QUIET — blissfully so. No, everything isn't closed up tighter than Fort Knox. The wonderful truth is completely opposite. Contrary to popular belief, the shops *are* open. Not officially, of course. But there are people — teachers, janitorial personnel, grad students — who use the school's facilties during vacations. If you're either friendly or sneaky you can get a hell of a lot of work done. For instance, this past vacation the wood shop was open every day, the metal shop was open almost every day, the Metcalf Building was open, and you could get into the College Building.

Not only were the buildings open, but the bookstore was open every day till twelve noon, and Oakes kept its regular hours. So the Refectory was closed — you eat that food? The Sheik was more than happy to stuff our gullets. Jack and Roz supplied bottled cheer, the busses ran, and the Providence Library was open. In short, it was as if school was in session, but without classes to cut into your time and without 999 oher people to crowd you. There was plently of time to work, plenty of time to read, to think, to do anything . . . bliss!

So, next time *vaccacione* comes around, hang in here and do something worthwhile. It's fat city, baby.

— del monte

JARVIS IS COMING

12/27/'67 — Morning
Charlotte, North Carolina

Dear Blockprint Readers,

It appears that today may well see the end of my first birthday since I was fifteen. If I do indeed go up to Ashville and squire Margaret to the thing tonight I shall have need of renting a tux and in all probability having to buy a pair of shoes. I no doubt will be reimbursed by Father for the shoes, for he wants me to get some new ones anyway. However up until today I was going to buy them in Rhode Island and use the money that the parents would have given me for the shoes for a grand birthday party.

Hence if I buy the shoes now there will be no birthday party, at least in the free booze sense that I was thinking of it in. I do wish that someone would bake me a cake and that there would be presents galore. Presents like F-104 airplane models, and HO scale cars and box cars, and picture books and a trip to the movies, and Ice Cream, and a cake that I wish someone would bake for me.

There would be balloons and those things you blow on and they unroll and you try to tickle someones ear. Hats all kinds of hats would be there, clown hats, policemen hats, Lincolnesque stovepipe hats, Uncle Sam red white & blue hats, boaters and bowlers, porkpie and fez, rain hat and sun bonnet. And then when I had blown out all the candles on my home-made cake with one super puff everyone would stand up like they do at Annapolis when they graduate and all the hats would fly off the red, and blond, and brunette heads and come to fall on the floor, and everyone would try to find their hats and in the confusion forget that they were there to celebrate my birthday.

And that is really why I am not going to have a birthday party.

Thank you,
Charles C. Leonard III

NORMA NEEDS FRIENDS

Apply Box 28

POT PENALTY AND THE STUDENT

Part III

The addictive drug laws of the state of Rhode Island are far more severe than those made by the federal government. Under the Rhode Island statute, the possesion of pot, in any quantity, whether it is one cigarette or ten pounds, has a minimum penalty of two years in jail and a maximum of fifteen years. A fine — oh yes — $10,000. And that usually doubles if you're from out of state, but all this is only for minors.

What about adults? Well if you are forced to sell pot to one of our fine respectable citizens on the C-Squad while he might be posing as a member of The Mafia, why you might get set up in a nice little room, decorated especially for you by the state . . . for twenty years at least (give or take your life).

And if my facts are correct, Robert Johnson, an ex-Brown student found himself in a similar situation.

Stories have reached this reporter that Mr. Malcolm Brown, the officer to whom Johnson sold the pot, was posing as a member of The Mafia. It was said that Mr. Brown threatened to erase Robert Johnson if the pot was not sold to him.

A rather interesting rumor.

Robert Johnson was acquitted — After it had been proved that the police initiated the sale.

Initiated. Interesting word, but threatened at gunpoint sounds more realistic. Especially with The Mafia behind it.

CHILDREN'S POETRY

My Brain age 10

I have a little brain
Tucked softly in my head
And another little brain
Which is in the air instead
This follows me and plays with me
And talks to me in bed
The other one confuses me
The one that's in my head.

Death age 11

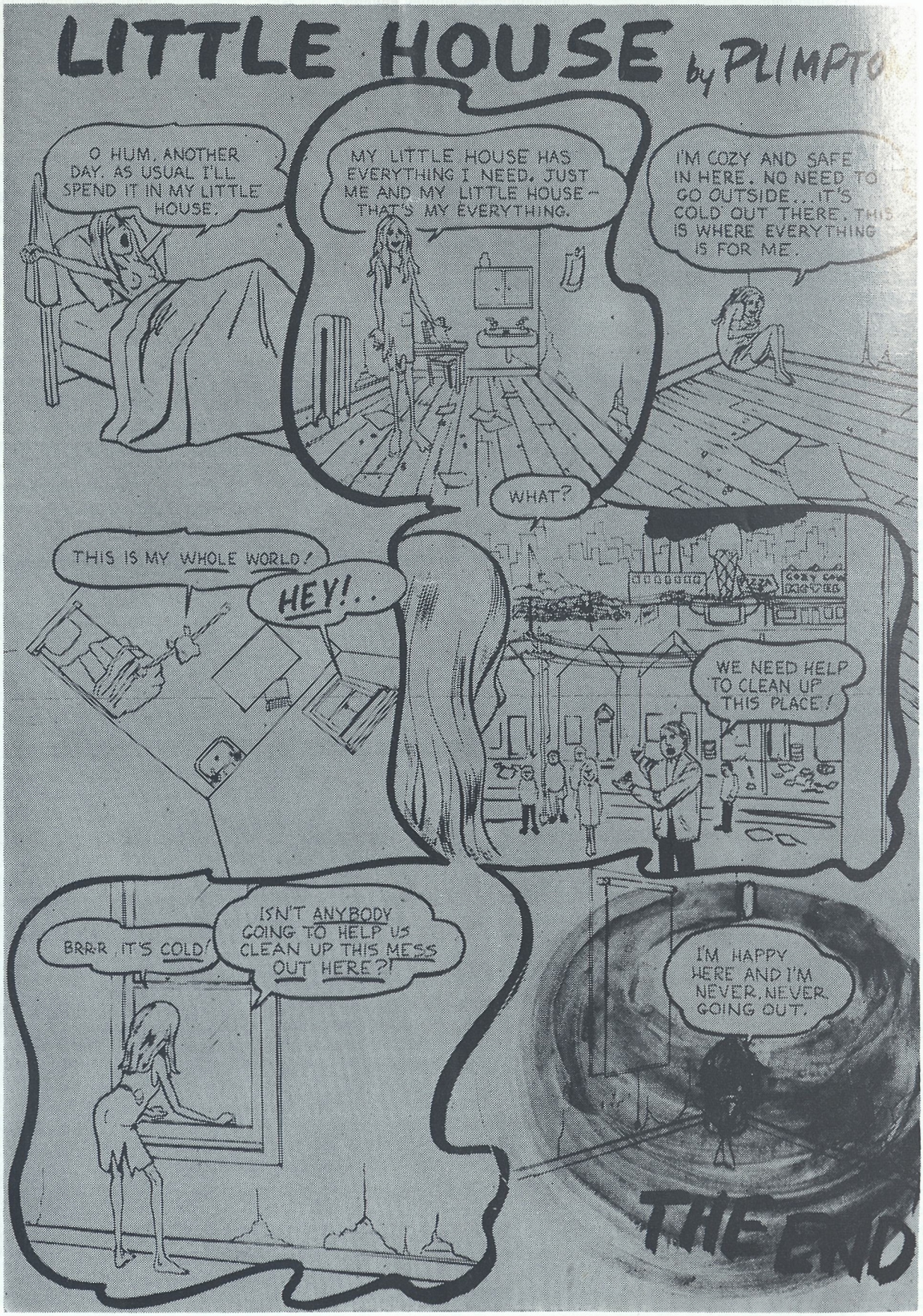
Who set that endless silence
Of her breath?
Death is but death.
Death is like the growing of people
It cannot be stopped.

PICASSO

Inevitably one ends up comparing Picasso's work to that of a six year old, and such is the case with his current exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. The point is that it takes a genius like Picasso to realize that 6 year olds know more about creative arts than most adults. Just because much of Picasso's creations are on a first grade level doesn't detract from their greatness; Picasso out-does six year olds at their own particular brand of genius, simplicity.

In all its simplicity, the Picasso show is delightful, charming, enchanting, fascinating, nice, and like all those adjectives, repetitious. There are many entertaining sculptures, but the endless variations on a few simple themes tend to get boring. The fact that it's a Picasso exhibit justifies its existence, but on the whole, the show is somewhat disappointing.

R. COBB L. A. FREE PRESS (UPS)


LITTLE HOUSE by PLIMPTO
O HUM. ANOTHER DAY. AS USUAL I'LL SPEND IT IN MY LITTLE HOUSE.
MY LITTLE HOUSE HAS EVERYTHING I NEED. JUST ME AND MY LITTLE HOUSE — THAT'S MY EVERYTHING.
I'M COZY AND SAFE IN HERE. NO NEED TO GO OUTSIDE.. IT'S COLD OUT THERE. THIS IS WHERE EVERYTHING IS FOR ME.
WHAT?
THIS IS MY WHOLE WORLD!
HEY!..
WE NEED HELP TO CLEAN UP THIS PLACE!
BRR, IT'S COLD!
ISN'T ANYBODY GOING TO HELP US CLEAN UP THIS MESS OUT HERE?!
I'M HAPPY HERE AND I'M NEVER, NEVER GOING OUT.
THE END

Dear Abbott

Dear Abbott

An Open Letter to the Universe

My People:

Back by popular demand and emerging from the doldrums of a groovy drug jag vacation at Muscle Beach, Calif., am I, your crystal ball, your "stitch in time" in affairs of the heart and/or mind — DEAR ABBOTT.

To bring myself back up to date and into the proverbial "swing" again, I think it only proper that I reinstitute my column with a statement of corrective philosophy conducive to reader reaction.

To all those who feel they are a little different or strange: Shake it off. Rise above your petty humdrm, self-pity. Rejoice in your identity. Throw off the shackles of a mocking society. Plunge ahead on your own. Somewhere, there's a girl or boy meant for you. And somewhere your life's calling awaits you. Everyone, no matter how weird or ugly they think they are, *can* make it at something they really and truly, with all their heart and soul, need and want. And when that glorious dawn breaks, when that big door of life opens wide for you and only you, when you make it at something you really and truly, with all your heart and soul, need, want and love: you got it *all!*

Dear Abbott

P.S. I must apoligze to all those who so openly sought my advice and counsel during my absence. I will, with all my heart and soul and bowels, try to answer their letters soon.

ANOTHER "NEGATIVE" FOR YOUR COLLECTION

The opportunity to make an "object of material culture" transcend that lofty rank and enter the still more sublime category of "my possesion" attracted several times the usual number of opening-goers to ART FOR YOUR COLLECTION VI on the evening of Wednesday, December the sixth.

It was a loud, elbowing crowd who didn't seem to be insulted either by the low quality of the majority of the art for sale or by the weakness of the (choice of:) bourbon-flavored or scotch-flavored punch.

"Well, actually, I'm not looking."

"I like *that* dress."

"No. Have YOU bought anything?"

"Oh . . . that's a steal! Buy it! Buy it!"

"Fredrico Fellini is here!" "Who told you that?" "A drunken little old lady."

"I find it hard to believe, but they're actually getting worse. Openings used to at least be meeting-places for the few good people around — you'd at least meet people like . . ."

Yeah, but RISD has been making a new image for the last few years.

AVATAR SUPPRESSED

BOSTON, Dec. 2 (LNS) — Three more persons have ben arrested for selling the underground newspaper AVATAR, and a band of 14 policemen have seized the complete backlog of isues as Cambridge's 'war on hippies' has reached new proportions.

John Rodgers, a Harvard Square street salesman, and George Tower, owner of Mariposa, a local shop, were arrested Nov. 29 for selling the newspaper and charged with selling without a permit and selling obscene literature, respectively. Both were arrested on $200 bail.

The following day, however, AVATAR business manager Ed Beardsley was arrested and all copies of number nine through 13 seized by 14 cops who invaded the AVATAR office with a search warrant. Beardsley's bail skyrocketed to $1,000 and was paid by Atty. Joseph Oteri, the Boston lawyer who is testing the constitutionality of anti-marijuana laws in another case.

One issue of the paper, number 13, has been found 'obscene' in Boston Municipal Court by a judge who admitted he had not read it entirely, but the legal ramifications of the judgment are not clear — particularly in Cambridge, where the latest arrests have taken place.

The first AVATAR salesman to be busted was Dan Oates, 20, of Cambridge. Oates is being defended by Oteri.

The 'war on hippies' formally began Sept. 21 when Cambridge Mayor Daniel Hayes, Jr., led a team of police, newsmen, and television cameramen into an apartment shared by a group of Diggers and arrested 21 persons on the spot.

It escalated when Hayes and several other city councilmen pressured local newsstands into taking AVATAR off the racks. Those who persisted risked arrest.

Mayor Hayes, himself running for reelection at the time, pronounced the newspaper 'the filthiest trash I've ever read in my life' which says some things about his life. AVATAR in the past has specialized in poetry, art, astrology, and community news, and has lately played a major role in publicizing news of the peace and liberation movements, the Resistance, and other broadly political matters. In general, it has not been typified by articles on sex.

THE DRAFT & YOU JAN. 10. REFECTORY 8 P. M. DR. KIRSCHENBAUM, REPRESENTATIVES FROM AFSC, THE RESISTANCE, THE RISD ADMINISTRATION & LOCAL DRAFT BOARD. CLASSIFICATIONS, APPEALS, ALTERNATIVES & NEW LAW DISCUSSED. OF CONCERN TO ALL — VISTA on campus Jan. 11 & 12 — College Bldg. 9-4 applications, advice, interviews — Vista Film — Rm. 412 10-1-3 on Thurs., 2 on Friday.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

Do you remember hearing something way back in the hectic week before vacation about Maharishi and Transcendental Meditation and all this being here at RISD? I had forgotten it too — that is, forgotten that I had promised to write this little blurb about it. But I still think about us being in the third year of the Aquarian Age, and well on our way to a higher spiritual realization, which is what Maharishi is all about. He claims that he has the way for our society to achieve "bliss consciousness," enlightenment, or whatever you wish to call it. Unfortunately, Mr. Jarvis, his representative who gave the lecture explaining all of this, came on a little too fanatically with too few answers to satisfy my mind. Meditating twenty minutes each day is unquestionably beneficial; however, it isn't the *only* way to total consciousness. Also, it seems strange that an enlightened Hindu would sell his knowledge for $35 per person and tell you so little about it until you were actually involved. However, my skepticism can't deny that over 5,000 people in Europe and 3,000 at Berkeley alone meditating daily according to Maharishi's principles isn't doing some good. There have been many perfect masters, of all religions and ages, that have been saying the same thing, each effective in his time and place. So, if you have been getting your head together recently, and have an idea of where you are at, you will know if you want to make it on your own, or on somebody else's path. Right now Maharishi offers a reasonable short-cut, if you are in a hurry.

Peggy

CALENDAR

MONDAY, JANUARY 8
5:15 p.m. Fac. Lg. — Alumni Mtg.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 9
1:00 p.m. Student Lg. — Tape Forum
12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Class
1:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. — Mtg. — Vin Moloney
3:00 p.m. 432 — Sound Workshop
8:30 p.m. RISD Auditorium — Chamber Music Concert — Pro Musical
9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tenns — Sign up at SAO
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10
6:30 p.m. 430 — Motor Cycle Club Mtg.
8:00 p.m. Refectory — Meeting on the Draft — Sponsored by Mr. Kirschenbaum
7:30 p.m. Student Lg. — Newman Club Meeting
THURSDAY, JANUARY 11
12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Class
1:00 p.m. Student Lg. — Tape Forum
6:00 p.m. Boy's Club — Swimming
7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film — "The Young and the Damned"
FRIDAY, JANUARY 12
7:00 p.m. Upper Refect. — Lecture by Wm. Warer. Sponsored by The Arch Soc. Non-Members $1.00.
8:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up for playing at the SAO
SATURDAY, JANUARY 13
7:30 p.m. YMCA Huntington Av Boston — Basketball with Mass College of Art. Bus leaves N. Main St. Parking lot at 4:30
SUNDAY, JANUARY 14
2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum Film — "Ninotchka"

ANNOUNCEMENT

REMINDER: SAO is a clearing agency for some of the articles lost around school. Many of the items are left there, some of which are never claimed. At present we have keys, articles of clothing, billfold, purse, notebook, etc. One item is a pair of eyeglasses, obviously with a prism lens, and without a doubt an expensive item. If you have lost such items, check with the SAO.

SAO NOTICE Re: LOANS — There have been so many students who have been making use of the Student Loans that it seems advisable to have a student assistant employed from 12 to 2 p.m. daily for this purpose starting Jan. 8. Please make and repay loans during these hours at the SAO unless it is a case of dire emergency. G. C. Allen

LOST: BROWN TORTOISE SHELL PRESCRIPTION; REWARD! BOX 189 or SAO.